

A PLEA FOR THE BIRDS.

Does it never strike you, ladies,
As your plume-tipped hats you buy,
That for each one of those feathers
Some maimed bird has had to die?
That for every spray-tipped bonnet
That so heedlessly you wear,
That, by fashion's laws coerced,
In an act of cruel slaughter
In effect you've had a share?

You may plead you didn't know it,
You've unwittingly offended,
Have but thoughtless been at worst;
But, oh, surely now we tell you
What this feather craze implies,
It no longer will find favor
As it now does in your eyes.

Then your ears, we beg you, ladies,
To this prayer of ours incline,
And forthwith against a fashion
That is barbarous combine.
Yes, speak out, as you are women,
And the welcome news impart—
Birds no longer shall be butchered
That your bonnets may be smart!

—London Truth.

CAPTAIN CLOSE

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

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V.—CONTINUED.

The effect of this unexpected tirade was remarkable. The knot of civilian listeners, who had come to get such fun out of the situation as the circumstances would permit, and who had been indulging in no little half-silly laughter, were evidently amazed at this new side to the Yankee officer's character, and stood silent and decidedly appreciative listeners to his denunciation of the luckless Parmelee. The soldiers, who had for some months been tasting the comforts of military service under civil control, and trudging all over Chittomungo county, day in and day out, on the mysterious mission of "serving process," were evidently tickled that their commander should at last have seen for himself what they had more than half suspected all along—that Parmelee was an arrant coward, who had held his position and made his record for efficiency in enforcing the laws only when a big squad of regulars was at his back.

As for Lambert, whose sole knowledge of affairs in the south was derived from the accounts published in the northern journals and inspired almost without exception by "carpet-bag" politicians, and who fully expected to find himself pitted against a determined array of ex-confederates engaged in the slaughter of federal officials, white and black, the young New Englander began to look upon the whole affair as another practical joke devised by his new associates simply "to test his grit or gullibility." This, at least, was his first impression, until the sight of the main body of the company swinging into the square under command of the first sergeant, and another look at Close's burning brown eyes and Parmelee's hangdog face convinced him that so far as they were concerned there was no joke.

But how about the chuckling natives now augmenting their number every moment? Certainly there could be no doubt as to the contempt they felt for "the squire," as they facetiously termed Parmelee, or the ridicule which Close's appearance had excited until he had well-nigh finished his denunciation of the civil officer. Then for an instant there was almost a ripple of applause. They watched him as, in his uncouth, ill-fitting, unsoldierly garb, the commander strode angrily back and began searching the wall and window-shutters of the jail for signs of bullet marks.

Meantime, gradually recovering confidence or hope, the besieged in the cellar of the meeting-house began to parley. The bell ceased ringing, and humble voices were heard asking who were outside. A brusque order in Close's gruffest tones to "Come up out of that hole and account for your prisoners," seemed to cause unlimited joy. There was sound of unbarred doors and scrambling on wooden stairs, and presently the portals opened an inch or two and cautious peeps were taken. The sight of the blue uniforms was enough. The defenders, white and colored, to the number of six, dusty but uninjured, came gladly forth into the afternoon sunshine. "By gad, fellows, we had hard work standin' off that crowd till you come," began the foremost, another of the Parmelee type. "There must ha' been half Chittomungo county in here, and the bullets flew like—"

But here a guffaw of derisive laughter from across the street, the crestfallen face of Parmelee, and the quizzical grin on the sun-tanned features of the soldiers, put sudden check to his flow of words. There stood Close, glowering at him.

"Flew like what, you gibberin' idiot? The only bullet-hole in the hull square that hasn't been here for six weeks is the one in that wretched mule there. You dam cowards ran for shelter an' let your prisoners loose; that's plain as the nose on your face. I don't care for the prisoners—that's your business; but what I want's our mule. Lieut. Lambert," he continued, addressing his silent junior, "I'm as ready as any man to fight for the flag, but for six months now I've been sittin' here furnishin' possums to back up these fellows makin' arrests all over the country, because there was my orders. I haven't seen a nigger abused. I haven't seen the uniform insulted. I haven't seen a sign of kuklux; nothin' but some contraband stills. I've obeyed orders an' helped 'em to make arrests of people I don't personally know nothin' about, an' you see for yourself they don't lift a hand to hold 'em. I'm tired o' backin' up such a gang of cowards, an' I don't care who knows it. March the men back to camp, sir. I'm goin' after that mule."

VI.

With the going down of that evening's sun Lieut. Newton Lambert had finished his first day of company duty in the sunny south, and found himself commanding the temporary post of

Tugaloo. The responsibility now devolving upon him was the only thing that enabled him to resist an almost overwhelming sensation of depression and disgust. Marching at route step back to camp, he had held brief and low-toned conference with Sergt. Burns and learned something of the circumstances that led up to the events of the day. "Old man Potts," said the sergeant, was a character. He owned a place half-way over towards Quitman and so near the county line that nobody knew whether he rightfully belonged to Quitman or to Chittomungo. When he was "wanted" in one he dodged to the other. Two of his sons had been killed during the war, and the two younger were prominent both as citizens and "skylarkers," for "there was no mischief or frolic going on they weren't mixed up in." Sergt. Burns didn't believe in kuklux thereabouts, but the colored folks and the deputy marshals did, and so the soldiers were kept "on the jump." Old man Potts had "cussed" Parmelee off his place two weeks previous, but had ridden in to Quitman and reported himself to Brevet Lieut. Col. Sweet, commanding the two-company garrison there, and said any time he or his boys were "wanted" just to say so and he would come in and account for himself and them to an officer and a gentleman, but he'd be damned if he'd allow that sneak Parmelee on his premises. Then he had had high words with the marshal of the district himself. His boys had harmed no one, he said. They were full of fun, and perhaps of fight—he wouldn't own 'em if they weren't; but they did not belong to the kuklux—if there were anything of the sort around there at all—and they only fought when they interfered with. They might have expressed contempt for Parmelee, but that wasn't law-breaking. The marshal told him that very serious allegations had been laid both against him and his boys, as well as against friends with whom they forgathered, and warned him that arrest would follow if more "outrages" occurred; and the result was that only the interference of Col. Sweet prevented a shooting scrape on the spot. Ever since then Parmelee had had some one watching the movements of Potts and his boys. There was a young lady over at Clayton's plantation to whom one of the boys was devoted, and Parmelee's spies reported there was to be a dance there. That's how he came to go over to Bucautubbee with the squad, but only to get Harry Potts and two of the Scroggys boys; Barton Potts wasn't there. They were riding home to Quitman county after the dance and "making some racket, as young fellows will, and Parmelee laid for 'em on the road." They were brought into the jail by Sergt. Quinn and the squad and there left to Parmelee and his people. As for the rest, the lieutenant knew as much as the sergeant, except that "old man Potts" with his boy Hal suddenly rode into camp just after Mr. Lambert had walked away, and the old man had given Capt. Close a piece of his mind, after which he and Hal with a couple of friends rode back towards. All the shooting that took place was probably a few de joie to the accompaniment of triumphant yells.

It was a fact that when old Potts with his friends, not more than half a dozen all told, came riding in to offer bail for the boys, armed only with the customary revolver, they were followed towards the jail by a party of inquisitive and interested townspeople, at sight of which array Parmelee's posse on duty at the jail had fired one volley from that building and then rushed for the shelter of the cellar under the meeting house. They had killed Potts' mule and wounded another, in exchange for which the Pottses had ridden off with the first two animals and all the prisoners they saw. There was no one to claim the latter, and old Potts had coolly offered the former to the inspection of Capt. Close; one proved to be government property, the other Parmelee's. "I'll just bawrow these two to take us back home, an' then you gentlemen can have 'em as soon as you'll send for 'em; but you'll hardly expect us to call again, after the reception accawded us law-abiding and peaceable citizens to-day." This was the majestic conclusion of Potts' remarks to the surprised but stolid captain. Then they rode away, and, crossing probably at the ford, made a circuit back through town, where they doubtless had a Tugaloo jubilee with their friends and fellow-citizens, to the continued alarm and dismay of the bell-ringers in the meeting house, until warned that the troops were coming, when they deliberately withdrew across the railway track, firing off a parting salute and a volley of the characteristic southern vocalisms known to fame as the "rebel yell." This was injudicious. It was well enough to ride away in company with prisoners whom nobody claimed or appeared to care to hold, but they should not have rejoiced thereat with riot and ungodly glee. It was human and by no means divine. It gave the opposition too much to tell about in the startling reports that went broadcast over the north that very night and appeared with lurid headlines in the morning papers on the morrow.

Parmelee had not been seen from the moment of the initial appearance of Potts and party until he came scrambling into camp on a borrowed mule. Later that afternoon, when matters had measurably quieted down, he made his way westward in time to tell at the state capital his story of the riot to his properly indignant chief, while, all alone, Capt. Close was jogging over to Potts' on the "day accommodation," little dreaming of the ill-repute in which he and his youthful subaltern would stand before the unthinking of their northern fellow-citizens on the morrow; for, as was only natural, the deputy marshal had squared accounts with Close by laying the blame for the escape of the prisoners, the peril of the beleaguered posse, and the riot and insurrection in Chittomungo county upon the captain and his lieutenant, who, he said,

though wearing the uniform and holding the commission of the United States, had refused to come to the aid of the officers of the law.

"I ought to be back by nine o'clock," was the message the captain told Corporal Cunningham to take out to camp; but Cunningham was the ingenious youth who first accosted Mr. Lambert on his arrival that morning, and Burns had nearly shaken the life out of him when he heard the story the men were passing from lip to lip. Cunningham was a young fellow with a better opinion of himself than his employers seemed to entertain, and, though fairly educated in the public schools and in a business college of his native city, a fondness for Bovey life and association with Bovey boys had undermined his usefulness. He enlisted after losing his situation, and, coming to Close's company when clerks were hardly to be had at any price, was put into the company office instead of the awkward squad. Then came a vacancy among the corporals; the young fellow, being a new broom, had swept clean, and was so helpful about the books, papers and the like for six weeks that Close gave him the empty chevrons, and gave Burns abundant cause for another outbreak of blasphemy. There might have been some way of licking Private Cunningham into shape, but there was none whatever of reforming Corporal Cunningham. He was not all bad, however, for by evening he began to realize the extraordinary solemnity of which he had been guilty in the morning; so he was actually ashamed to go near the lieutenant, and never even repeated his message to Burns until nine o'clock had come and the captain hadn't. Then Burns went over to the lieutenant's tent, where the youth sat wrapped in his overcoat, trying gloomily and with stiffened fingers to write some letters by the light of a single candle.

"I suppose, sir, the captain meant to ride the mule back himself. He could have got to Potts' place before six and back here by eight, easy. 'Tisn't likely they'd ask him to stay to supper. I'm only afraid of his gettin' into a row, and him all alone."

"I wish he could have been content to send for the mule instead of going," said Lambert. "Any of the men could have gone, I suppose."

"Well, sir, the trouble is that he'd have had to send the men on muleback, or else pay their fares over on the cars. The captain has a pass, and it doesn't cost him anything; and he's afraid to let the mule be gone over night. It's mighty easy losin' 'em among all these niggers, and they might charge it up against the captain's pay. The captain has stuck close to camp so far as these



Trying with stiffened fingers to write some letters.

night possums have been concerned, but he'd hunt the whole state for a 'lost blanket or bayonet. And he always goes alone—and gets what he's after, and he's had no trouble worth mentionin'; but that fellow Potts was impudent to him to-day, and he was slow 'bout seein' it at first; now, though, he's got his mad up and gone over there to get the mule and satisfaction both; that's what I'm afraid of, sir. He lashed Parmelee to-day for bein' a coward, and—beggin' your pardon, lieutenant—though the captain aint much on military, he fires up like a flash at anything like insult to the flag."

"Do you think it advisable to send after the captain?" asked Lambert, after a moment's reflection.

"There's no way we can send, sir, 'cept afoot or behind a four-mule team in an army wagon. We only had that one saddle mule."

Lambert stepped to the tent door and looked out. The sky was overcast and the darkness thick. A wind was rising and whirling the sparks from the cook fire over by the road, and from the pipes of the men sitting smoking and chatting in little groups about camp. Some had come to him at nightfall and sought permission to go in to the village, and he had felt obliged to refuse. After the events of the day it seemed wisest to hold them at camp, and he had so informed Sergt. Burns. As he stood there now looking uneasily about, first at the dark threatening sky, then at the darker shadows about camp, Lambert thought he caught sight of three or four forms, vague and indistinct, hurrying along the bank beyond the fire.

"Who are those men?" he asked.

"I don't know, sir. I warned the company to remain in camp. I'll see," and Burns turned quickly and made a run for the opposite end of the company grounds. Some of the men started up and stood gazing expectantly after him, and the chat and laughter suddenly ceased. The shadowy forms had disappeared; so, by this time, had Burns. Then there came the sound of his powerful voice, out by the road:

"Halt there, you men! Come back here!"

Then followed a rush and scramble in the bushes, and the sound of footfalls, rapid and light, dying away in the darkness. Then some low laughter and comment among the men. Then Burns came back, and, without waiting to report, sternly ordered: "Fall in!"

Knocking the ashes out of their pipes and buttoning their overcoats—a thing

they might have overlooked before the lesson of the day—the soldiers slowly obeyed the unusual summons. Burns got his lantern and quickly called the roll. Four men failed to respond. Leaving the company still in line, the sergeant hastened to the tents for the absentees. Two of the number were found placidly sleeping. Two were away entirely—Privates Riggs and Murphy.

"If I'm not mistaken I saw three shadows," said Lambert, as the sergeant made his report. "What would the captain do if he were here?—send a patrol?"

"The captain never had a night roll-call, sir; but he wouldn't send a patrol. That's only a good way of not ketchin' men, unless they're too drunk to run. It wouldn't be of much consequence, only for that man Riggs bein' one of 'em. He's a troublesome case. If the lieutenant approves of it, I'll send Sergt. Watts and a couple of good men without arms. They can find whoever's out. What I don't like about it is that some fellow jumped the fence into the Walton place."

"The old homestead across the road?"

"Yes, sir. There's been some trouble between the captain and the Walton family. He ordered the men never to enter the inclosure on any pretext, the old lady made such a row 'bout it."

"Who lives there? Surely they ought to welcome our sending responsible men over to drive off our renegades?"

"Well, I don't know 'bout that, sir," said the sergeant, with a nervous laugh. "If there's anybody on earth the captain's afraid of, it's old Mrs. Walton. She's a terror. Nothin' of the unprotected female about her, sir, though she and her daughters live alone there. Both her sons were shot during the war; one was killed, and the other's in Havana—or Mexico; said he'd never surrender, and won't come home. I reckon they're pretty hard up there, sometimes, but you should see how the old lady rides it over the captain, sir. I wonder she hasn't been over to pay you a visit. Shall I send after Riggs and Murphy, sir? It's like sendin' good money after bad. They haven't a cent, either of 'em, and if town was their object there'd be no use in their goin'; nobody would trust 'em."

Then came interruption—the sound of a horn, on ordinary tin horn, too, floating through the dark and muttering night.

"That's her, lieutenant. That's the old lady herself. She reads prayers regularly at half-past nine every night, and some of the niggers are out yet. They used to have a conch shell that he'd sounded pretty, but Parmelee said they had to sell it. They've had to sell pretty much everything, tryin' to keep alive."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAVED BY LITTLE CHILDREN.

An Episode of an Indian Raid in Utah Nearly Thirty Years Ago.

Robert F. Spearman, attorney for the department of justice, Washington, is at the Albany. Mr. Spearman has been engaged in taking testimony on behalf of the government in Indian depredation claims.

"In taking testimony in these Indian cases," said Mr. Spearman, "I frequently hear some very interesting stories concerning early frontier life. I remember one case in particular, which I thought to be one of the most remarkable exhibitions of courage in an eight-year-old boy that I have ever heard of. It occurred near the town of Beaver, in Utah. A ranch in that vicinity was attacked by the Indians, and one man who was visiting the ranchman killed, and for awhile it seemed as if the whole party, wife and children, would fall prey to the savages. The house was surrounded by the Indians, and the people within defended themselves as best they could, but the ranchman, watching his opportunity, lowered his little boy and his daughter, who was but 12 years old, from the back window and told them to try to make their way to the canyon and follow it down to Beaver, where they could obtain help. The two children succeeded in reaching the canyon unobserved, and, with presence of mind and bravery which, I think, is remarkable for a boy of that age, the boy told his sister to follow down one side of the canyon and he would follow the other, so that in case the Indians should find one of them the other might not be observed.

"The children succeeded in reaching Beaver, where a relief party was organized, which hastened to the rescue of the besieged party. At the beginning of the siege the Indians had heard the children in the house, and, missing their voices, the alert savages discovered that they had gone and endeavored to overtake them, but being unsuccessful and knowing that help would soon arrive, withdrew before the rescuers could reach the ranch."—Denver Republican.

Lost Opportunity.

"I wish I'd been here in Ameriky in the time of the war," remarked Mr. Herlihy to his wife. "I wouldn't be drivin' a coal-cart for a livin', if I had."

"Ah, well, Michael," remarked Mrs. Herlihy, in a soothing tone, "if you'd gone to the wars, you might have been kilt, man, like as not."

"And fwhat if I had," said her husband, refusing to be consoled, "fwhat? I had, Norah Herlihy? There'd have been my pishion comin' regular every month, and it's ourselves could have lived on it for the rest of our lives, instead of goin' out scrubbin' and drivin' coal carts."

"Sure, I never thought of that," said Mrs. Herlihy, and a melancholy silence fell upon the pair.—Youth's Companion.

Differently Educated.

At a wedding in an English town the officiating clergyman asked one of the witnesses how his name was spelled, and was told "McHugh."

"But how is that?" inquired the clergyman. "Your sister spells it Mc Cue."

"Please sir," was the answer, "my sister and me didn't go to the same school."—N. Y. Tribune.

THE GREEKS

Preparing for a Possible Renewal of the War.—A Turkish Brigade Starts for Phouras, Armed With Mauser Rifles.

LONDON, May 27.—The Athens correspondent of the Times says: "It is believed that complications have arisen owing to the advocacy of some of the powers, including Russia, of a Turkish occupation of Thessaly until the indemnity is paid and to England's firm resistance to such a project. The Greek government is preparing for a possible renewal of the war."

A dispatch to the Times from Larissa says the impression is general among the Turkish troops that there will be more fighting. A brigade of Redfi has started for Phouras, armed with Mausers, and a dispatch to the Standard from Athens says that the municipal authorities have conferred the freedom of the city upon Gen. Riccotti Garibaldi and Amlecare Cipriani, the Italian socialist leader, in recognition of their "eminent services in the field."

A dispatch to the Daily Telegraph from Vienna says the foreign office discredits the report that Great Britain has threatened to quit the European concert and pronounced it a Greek invention to influence Turkey to evacuate Thessaly.

A dispatch to the Daily Mail from Vienna says that the Turkish government has mobilized 50,000 additional troops who are now in readiness to advance into Thessaly, and that the government is making active preparations for a Turkish administration of the province.

The correspondent of the London Standard at Constantinople says: The council of ministers has decided to prolong the armistice. It will refuse even to discuss the retrocession of Thessaly, but will leave the other points for consideration to the powers. So far as the note of the European arbitrators is concerned, there can be no doubt that, whether the sultan is only bluffing or is the victim of popular pressure, a peace such as Europe expects can not be arranged without risk of the gravest complications.

A DRINKING CONTEST.

One Man Dead, Another Dying, the Third in a Serious Condition and the Bar-keeper Arrested for Furnishing the Whisky.

CHICAGO, May 27.—Wednesday afternoon, in a saloon kept by Carl Schoepfer, a number of men engaged in an argument as to who could drink the most whisky. Finally Jacob Conrad, Joseph Bohm and Carl Eiseleben began the contest. The saloonkeeper supplied the whisky in small beer glasses. Conrad was ahead on the number of glasses drank, when he collapsed and fell to the floor. He was dragged into a rear room, left lying on the floor and the other two drank on. They became unconscious in a short time and were left lying on the floor beside Conrad.

Word was sent to the police, and when they reached the place Conrad was dead, Bohm dying and Eiseleben in a critical condition. The saloonkeeper was arrested charged with manslaughter.

Terrible Result of Thawing Dynamite.

DULUTH, Minn., May 27.—A terrible accident occurred Wednesday at Hermantown, seven miles from Duluth. Frank Lueck, a farmer living there, was thawing some dynamite to be used in clearing land of stumps. He was heating it over a fire when it exploded, tearing the house to pieces and killing Lueck and two young sons. His wife and small son escaped alive, but are badly hurt. The boy was blown through a window, and what remained of the house caught fire and was destroyed. The mother and son were brought to Duluth, and are in the hospital. The boy may die, but the mother will recover.

American Capitalists Investing in Mexico. MEXICO CITY, Mex., May 27.—A party of American capitalists have made an extensive purchase of coffee and tobacco lands in the state of Vera Cruz and Oaxaca. There are many thousands of Cuban cultivators now in this country having come during the war and many of these will be worked on the plantations. They are some of the best and most capable men of the island. The Mexican Central railway will very shortly greatly improve its train service between this city and the United States.

Jesse Grant's Expenses.

NEW YORK, May 27.—Controller Fitch, Wednesday, received a bill from Jesse Grant for expenses incurred by him attending the ceremonies in connection with the dedication of Gen. Grant's tomb. All the children of Gen. Grant were the guests of the city on April 27, and \$150 was voted to Jesse Grant to pay his traveling expenses from California to this city. The item bill follows: Transportation for self \$150; transportation for family \$375; meals, etc., \$234. Total \$759.

Gen. Gomez Will Confer With McKinley.

PHILADELPHIA, May 27.—Advices from Cuba were received by the local junta Wednesday to the effect that Gen. Gomez will temporarily resign as commander of the insurgent forces and come to this country as "secretary of war pro tem." of the Cuban republic to confer with President McKinley on the Cuban situation. During his absence Gen. Garcia will command.

Wheat Suffered.

WARREN, O., May 27.—Reports from points in this county indicate much damage from the frost Wednesday night. Wheat suffered severely.

Striking Tailors Resume Work.

NEW YORK, May 27.—One thousand striking tailors resumed work Wednesday, having gained the concessions demanded from the middlemen. Mayer Schoenfeld, leader of the strikers, said Wednesday that he did not look for a settlement of the tailors' contest earlier than four weeks hence.

The Clapps, Chicago Brokers, Arrested.

CHICAGO, May 27.—The Clapps, the New York brokers, were arrested here shortly after noon Wednesday. They left New York after warrants had been issued charging them with fraud in their transactions.

FIFTY-FIFTH CONGRESS.

Extraordinary Session.

WASHINGTON, May 21.—SENATE.—The long and exciting debate on the joint resolution, recognizing a state of war in Cuba and declaring that strict neutrality shall be maintained by the United States, passed the senate by the decisive vote of 41 to 14 at a late hour Thursday afternoon. The announcement of the vote was received with tumultuous applause and drew from Senator Hawley, an emphatic protest against "mob demonstration." The resolution as passed is as follows: "Resolved, etc., that a condition of public war exists between the government of Spain and the government proclaimed and for some time maintained by force of arms by the people of Cuba, and that the United States of America shall maintain a strict neutrality between the contending parties, according to each all the rights of belligerents in the ports and territory of the United States." Adjourned until Monday.

HOUSE.—Cuban affairs furnished the house with a day of bitter partisan debate. The resolution appropriating \$50,000 for the relief of American citizens was adopted without a dissenting vote, but the democrats endeavored to force consideration also of the Morgan resolution for recognition of the belligerency of the insurgents. They accused the republicans of endeavoring to evade this issue, but the dominant party through its spokesmen, Mr. Hitt, made the important statement that the republicans decided not to embarrass negotiations which were being projected by President McKinley to secure the independence. The house rejected the third conference report on the opening of the Utah Gilson lands, and instructed its committee to support a plan proposed by Mr. Lacey (Iowa) by which the secretary of the interior would lease the lands, the government receiving a royalty and provisions against a monopoly being made.

WASHINGTON, May 26.—SENATE.—The debate on the tariff bill began in the senate Tuesday with crowded galleries and a large attendance of senators and the tariff leaders of the house. Minor business claimed attention up to 3 p.m., when Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, in charge of the tariff bill, had the measure laid before the senate and took the floor for the opening speech. Mr. Aldrich spoke for almost an hour and a quarter, adopting a dry, conversational style. His speech was the official utterance of the finance committee, and in a sense of the republican side of the chamber. Without making invidious distinctions between the two bills, Mr. Aldrich clearly stated as the basis of the finance committee that the house bill would not yield revenue adequate for the needs of the government. Mr. Vest (Mo.), one of the democratic members of the finance committee, followed with a statement in opposition to the bill. He spoke for nearly an hour, declaring that the tariff bill was for the benefit of the "Cormorants" of monopoly and against the people. Mr. Cameron, a silver republican, closed the debate for the day by urging that the protection should be distributed as the tariff farmers. Early in the day Mr. Mallory, the new senator from Florida, was sworn in and took his seat.

WASHINGTON, May 27.—SENATE.—The first vote on the tariff bill was taken in the senate Wednesday. It came after a two hours' debate on the item of boracic acid, which, although comparatively unimportant, afforded an opportunity for the final alignment of the various elements. Mr. Vest (Mo.), a democratic member of the finance committee, moved to make the rate on boracic acid three cents instead of five cents per pound as provided by the committee. This presented a direct issue between the committee and the opponents of the bill. The amendment was defeated—yeas 20, nays 74. The vote was largely on party lines. The affirmative was made up of 19 democrats and one populist—Helfield. The negative was made up of 29 republicans, two democrats—McHenry (La.) and White (Cal.)—two silver republicans—Cannon (Utah) and Jones (Nev.)—and one populist, Stewart (Nev.). The debate was postponed until Thursday by Senators Vest, Coffey, Gray and Stewart. Mr. White, a democratic member of the finance committee, opposed Mr. Vest's amendment, urging that the California duty required the rate allowed by the committee. Seven paragraphs of the bill were considered during the day, the committee being sustained in each instance. The resolution was agreed to authorizing the secretary of the navy to employ any suitable ship in forwarding relief supplies to India.

QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

The Event Celebrated in London by the Closing of the Courts and Government Offices and Other Ceremonies.

LONDON, May 27.—The official celebration of the queen's birthday was observed Wednesday in London with the usual closing of the courts and government offices, the ringing of the church bells, a display of flags, artillery salutes and the ceremony of trooping the color, on the horse guards' parade, in which the colonial troops now in London took part. Although this ceremony was somewhat marred by rain, it was witnessed by large throngs of people. The New South Wales, Indian and other detachments of colonial troops present attracted considerable attention.

The Boyd family was largely represented at the trooping of the colors.

PRENDERGAST SKIPS.

He Failed to Respond When His Case Was Called in Court—His Bondsman Says He Will Settle.

CINCINNATI, May 25.—Judge Murphy Monday morning called the case of ex-Hell Officer J. W. Prendergast and O. V. Limerick, charged with attempted blackmail by the Fraser Chemical Co., of New York.

Limerick was present, but Dr. Prendergast failed to make his appearance.

Prendergast left a letter for William Littleford, his attorney, declaring that he had decided not to stand trial now. He will go west, but will return in a month or two for trial. His bondsman, Napoleon DuBrul, says he will settle the \$1,000 bond.

McLaurin Named for Senator.

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 26.—Gov. Elerbe at two o'clock Tuesday afternoon appointed John L. McLaurin United States senator, to succeed Josh H. Earle. McLaurin has represented the Fifth district in congress for six years. He was elected attorney general of this state in 1890, resigning to accept a congressional seat. He is 38 years old. He is a good lawyer.

To Build an Electric Road in Nicaragua.

RICHMOND, Ind., May 27.—Announcement is made here of the formation of a company to build a 150-mile electric line in Nicaragua. Issim Sedgewick, of this city, is president, Peter Baches, Trenton, N. J., secretary, and C. H. Hall, Trenton, N. J., treasurer. The nominal capital is \$100,000 and the company is the Atlantic & Lake Nicaragua Railroad and Navigation Co. The company gets numerous concessions from the Nicaraguan government, among which is 250,000 acres of land. There is at present only one short line in that country.